



TFCK-87380

dark tranquillity

CHARACTER





- 001 THE NEW BUILD
- 002 THROUGH SMUDGED LENSES
- 003 OUT OF NOTHING
- 004 THE ENDLESS FEED
- 005 LOST TO APATHY
- 006 MIND MATTERS
- 007 ONE THOUGHT
- 008 DRY RUN
- 009 AM I 1?
- 010 SENSES TIED
- 011 MY NEGATION
- 012 DERIVATION TNB [bonus track for Japan]
- 013 THE ENDLESS FEED (Chaos Seed Remix) [bonus track for Japan]
- 014 CD-ROM Enhancement: LOST TO APATHY (promo video)



The new build

a human force stronger than logic beyond the focus and the grander ideas one microcosmos in this wretched piece of hell distant memories of what empathy we felt no revolution in what they must overthrow in on a secret we all know the need that is our enemy **i don't ever want to see you doing all the same things as me don't ever let this be you knowing what it is that drives me** it's all in the future said with one foot in the grave all in the plan of what we never could achieve no satisfaction we excuse ourselves from progress by post-altering our motives stories set to match whatever beat that drives the impulse **whatever tune that carries through what's in a soul that rattles empty in this one reality too few** our reach is never wider than the depth of what we grasp a vicious curse on all that we partake in/side the conflict where no one is the wiser a space invaded a face evaded my space invaded selfish doesn't begin to cover the sense in this utopia of one to escape the argument to put another filter on
... m: henriksson, nicklasson, jivarp. l: stanne



Through smudged lenses

let no one be themselves turn of the century lies not within the others turn on the watchful eye the blindness ends tonight shelter for the shattered in unison we strive dare to disassociate and cut the binds that tie abstractualize further to the ends of facts and foe will it out of meaning as silence speaks the truth **i want to hear you scream** i want to see you stand atop the pantheon of fiction and your failure grasping for a hiding place among indifferent stones a brief reflection it sets the soul apart no selection it tears our world apart these walls are protecting us burn them to the ground this haven of refuge burn it to the ground so smudge the lens a little muffle the voice phase out of sound a while and let it go citizens of choice in a twilight world of your design left to our devices we stumble on burn it to the ground no firewall will save you burn it to the ground take me to the keep and bare the darkest void thousandfold the agony of silenced screams alone tune right out of static exorcise the dark how else can we move on ::: m: henriksson, sundin. l: stanne

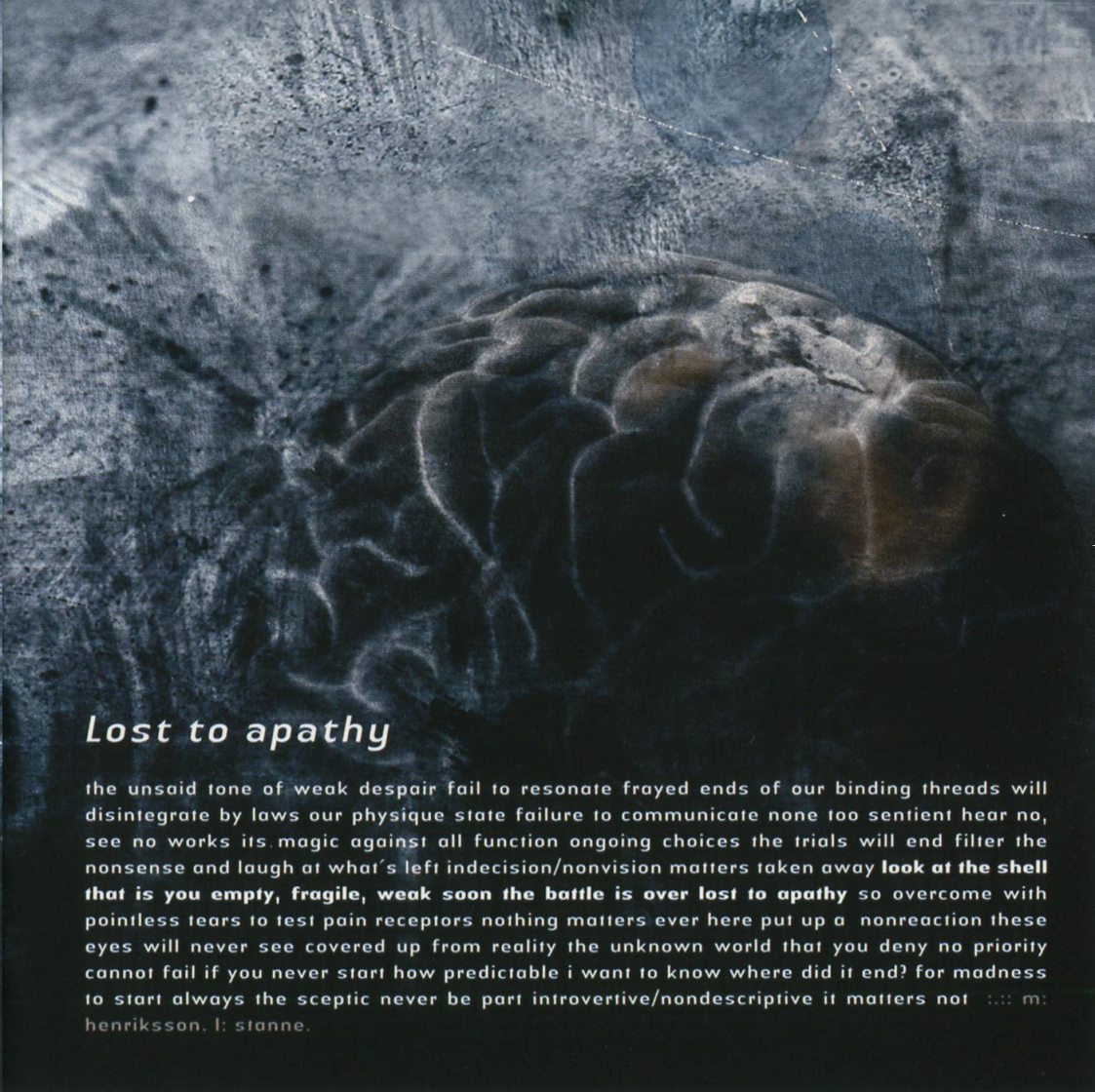
Out of nothing

make enemies of truth and reason in that a rage is born start out a promise and a venture where direction was never the goal **how does it feel to run out of nothing_ where do you go when you run out?** never you mind the grand perspective other forces kept at bay as you narrow the field of vision to retain a sense of control your focus will remain unfixed in the haze of a world unhinged create a sense of purpose around which you base your faith the doubt that haunts your skin an itch that will linger on forever wave off critique as an offender never question where your motives lie as a part of the greatest fable the beast all had forgotten instincts in a dead end rampage destruction as a saving grace ::: m: henriksson, jivarp, nicklasson. l: stanne



The endless feed

you try to hide the fact hidden from yourself your own favourite entertainer is none other than the one we call you and you need the others to fortify your disgust for the worst of us, to the rest of us **entertain the thought that we are still alive entertain the notion of impending doom entertain our worst suspicions and our fears just pull us in and take us down** i hear a mighty cheer your faith could not be any stronger in your head the stage is set a product of what we're being fed oblivious by design not susceptible to any mind i can take what's being given i can down whatever comes i will do what you deem necessary **my fear compels** me no more fictitious needs i will not be made a mockery no more chaos seed i am not what you're supposed to see without a sense of danger everything is lost in the name of entertainment we are doomed ... m: brändström, jivarp. l: stanne.



Lost to apathy

the unsaid tone of weak despair fail to resonate frayed ends of our binding threads will disintegrate by laws our physique state failure to communicate none too sentient hear no, see no works its magic against all function ongoing choices the trials will end filter the nonsense and laugh at what's left indecision/nonvision matters taken away **look at the shell that is you empty, fragile, weak soon the battle is over lost to apathy** so overcome with pointless tears to test pain receptors nothing matters ever here put up a nonreaction these eyes will never see covered up from reality the unknown world that you deny no priority cannot fail if you never start how predictable i want to know where did it end? for madness to start always the sceptic never be part introverted/nondescriptive it matters not ... m: henriksson. l: stanne.



Mind matters

you are all that matters in my private demonology those who fall us now the sons of wishes the bastard child of dream enemies of hope let it be gone it's all pretend **mind matters matters** not never again in perfect clarity see the day in childlike vision where does it lead from here on without that guidance disaster role model without a part our search is wider cast off those wide-eyed hopes and dreams mind **matters matters not** no need to see you there the path we made is clear just stay ahead of me this is not for me to see this time. a prayer onto nothing project again, direct oppose to action all across the board shortcomings close to call ... m: henriksson, sundin, jivarp. l: stanne.



One thought

insufficient facts make up for a frail foundation breeding the obscene for the opinion customized insight null and substance void upon these wheels our world will roll let it be decided who will take the blame? another soul to drain what is it that we see? **one thought bringing it down original sinners one thought bringing it down** switch it off has it come to this? enjoying things by proxy live through others die just like the rest we all end up screaming a little louder to cover up another piece of silence punch another hole through media turn it off **brace for impact** to once a greater vision our lives now stand to fall this tyranny of fear a stranglehold on us stronger day by day time to turn it off ... m: henriksson, jivarp. l: stanne.



Dry run

it comes from all we're giving in seemingly endless supply as signals cross defiantly into this volatile mix we charge and the stubborn mind repeats the errors to challenge our grounds either soar above or the detour takes you right back down to where no one wants to see misgivings in this starry nightlight fill in the blanks that one will fall to the haunts and horrors **there is nothing left, a mere shadow when adrenaline runs dry there is nothing there, empty prop when adrenaline runs dry** it gets you deep down low as they told you of the blazing heights the stage from which the world is viewed is the mirror to shatter the image the crypt he kept for hiding retreat from another attack painlessly forgiving a refuge in deceptive black **it works within the system and they won't understand a lesser known deceiver will fool you even more** taunt the wasted, it's all about nothing what to squeeze within the span of attention brought to ground, let the chaos pass that one will fail by the screams and terrors ... m: nicklasson, jivarp, sundin. l: stanne.

Am I I?

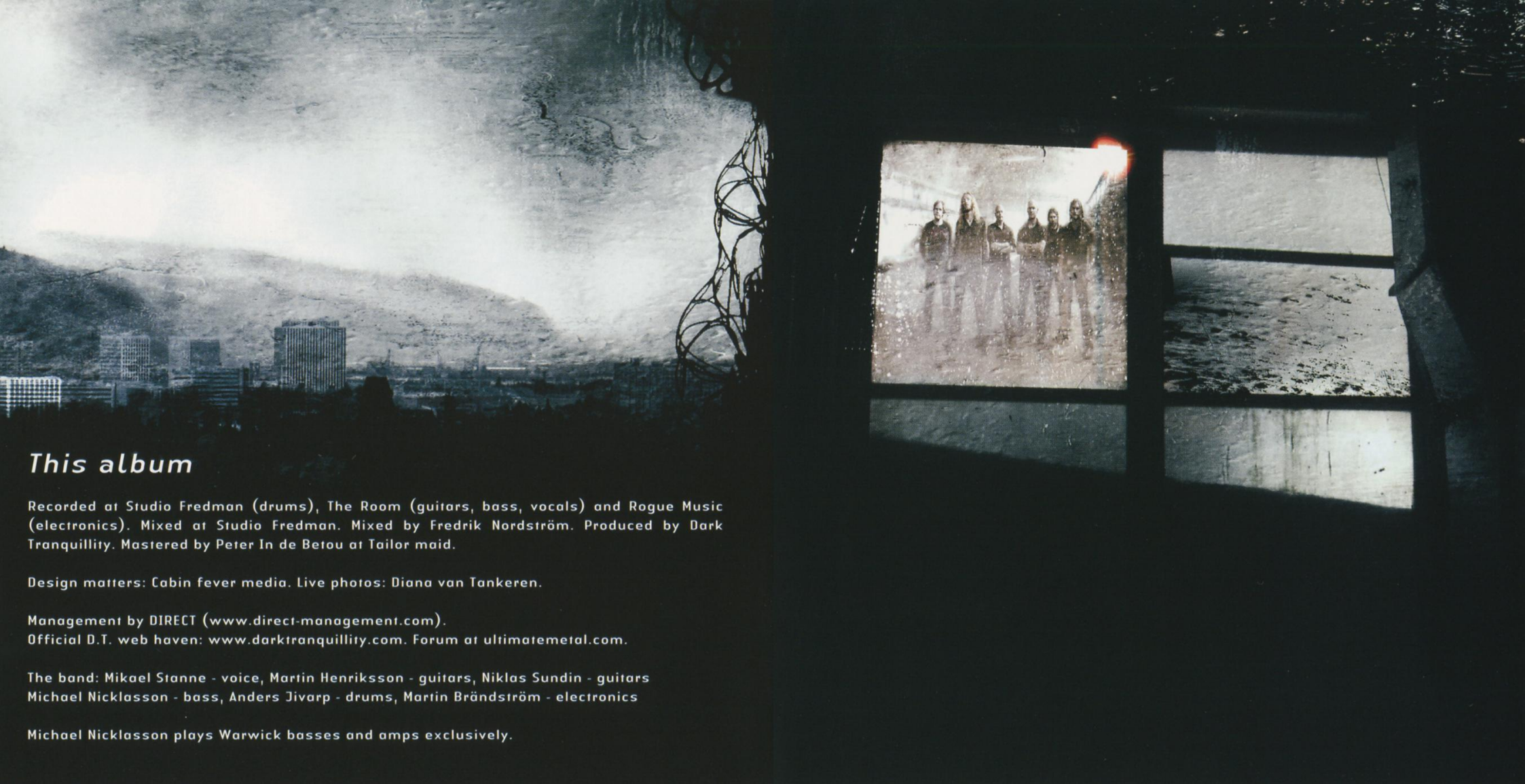
i grant to you no privilege of person no sense of self denial of choice it wants out so from all the little bits and pieces a simple case of lost and found a wicked new beginning i don't ever want to see it's the oldest trick in the book just like everything you always knew turned upon its very end there's nothing left to be half a mind to say all the things that bother me today you better check if it's me in that "coffin" of yours or just the one you thought you knew **i am one who am i? no character to be lost inside** a mind is hard to please so wander aimlessly hands clenched in fists of rage concealed in frustration there's a part of me that cannot deal with the character i am forced to be a thinly veiled plan to lay your world afoot lost in community blind in belonging is there really nothing more than this? the emptiness remains so put on your brave face and take the plunge again ... m: jivarp, brändström, sundin, henriksson. l: stanne.

Senses tied

riddled by the trappings of words that makes the edges blur here on the outskirts of sincerity and pride stretched as far as words can reach by the lure of higher meaning there's something out there lost behind the power lines it's all the same to me lost all faith in promises and deadlines closing in tired of deciphering the wayward strands of truth **i don't care 'cause i can't feel i don't know anymore** sure we've had a good run with vowels, nouns and letters but within its very nature the ability to distort there's nothing in the words i hear that makes me want to take a stand it has gone on for far too long i chose to disengage the ends of our conditioning to swallow, take and like it rather keep me in the dark than look me in the eye **it's all these same things pulling us down to senses gone i cheer it's all these same things making us blind there's nothing here for me** hear it coming heading for you now i can't even stand the tone of arrogance and denial on display here you are listless, left for deaf thinking about what standards we set in times of weary tongues and ears that hear no end to it unwilling or unable the difference left for times judgement it passes on from wicked mouths as victim takes on another role new bold oppressor our teacher's product now stands tall ... m: henriksson. l: stanne.

My negation

it's all this reeking ego craves the sun to never set why do threads of anger never linger why does the ember turn to stone? to where the longing goes in with the sins of old a face of nothing, to never see as blind as free everything i want is in the end of this everything i need will be the end of me **my negation will you know my name? and sense the danger coming my negation can you see my face? what's to become of me?** the art of reduction stripped down through what seems defensible scaled to bare revisions to stop making sense levelling pillars of towering fear rational instincts and insight to spare end of falseness, end of grace everything i fear is in this failing nothing of what i am is in this end ... m: henriksson, nicklasson, jivarp. l: stanne.



This album

Recorded at Studio Fredman (drums), The Room (guitars, bass, vocals) and Rogue Music (electronics). Mixed at Studio Fredman. Mixed by Fredrik Nordström. Produced by Dark Tranquillity. Mastered by Peter In de Betou at Tailor maid.

Design matters: Cabin fever media. Live photos: Diana van Tankeren.

Management by DIRECT (www.direct-management.com).

Official D.T. web haven: www.darktranquillity.com. Forum at ultimatemetal.com.

The band: Mikael Stanne - voice, Martin Henriksson - guitars, Niklas Sundin - guitars
Michael Nicklasson - bass, Anders Jivarp - drums, Martin Brändström - electronics

Michael Nicklasson plays Warwick basses and amps exclusively.



